

TO SNATCH LIVING EYES TO MAKE BLIND BOY SEE



How the living eyes of Murderer Clay look today; will they continue to see in the sockets of John Cashin?

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 21.—Within a few minutes after Robert L. Clay takes his farewell look at earthly things and drops at the end of the hangman's rope, John Cashin, blind for years, hopes to see.

Clay lies in the death cell, awaiting execution for the murder of his wife. His eyes are as good as man could wish for, although his lawyers and friends say they are the eyes of a madman. But the law has decreed that, mad or sane, they must close so far as their use by Clay is concerned.

On a street corner not far away John Cashin sells papers. Recently his customers have noticed a new light in his face. He has never seen the people who buy his papers and drop their pennies in a cup near him, but soon he hopes to see them. And not only the living beings around him, but the sunshine, the trees and flow-

ers, the blind man hopes to see.

How? Through the eyes of the murderer, Robert L. Clay!

Until lately Cashin never expected to be able to see again. But one day a friend read to him of the sentencing of Clay. A sudden wave of thought swept over the blind man. He had heard of wonderful operations performed by surgeons, of bones and organs transplanted, and he saw with sightless eyes a wonderful operation. He hurried to the office of Dr. J. N. Ellis.

"Doctor," the blind man said, "when they hang Clay, why couldn't I get his eyes?"

Dr. Ellis was astonished. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that when Clay dies his eyes be taken out and be put in place of mine."

Dr. Ellis was finally persuaded to favor the strange request. He decided if the optic nerves of the blind man were still serviceable after so many years of disuse, a